

Crawford & Weeks

Have You Got Any Money?

If you have we want some of it.
For \$60. of your money we will give you a choice residential lot in a good location. Only twelve of these lots for sale and they must be sold at once. This is a good investment and see us.

Crawford & Weeks

To Run a Daily Paper Costs a lot of Money

WE HAVE A LARGE NUMBER OF UNPAID SUBSCRIPTIONS

INDIVIDUALLY

the Amounts are Small

but

COLLECTIVELY

the Total is Large

IF YOUR SUBSCRIPTION IS UNPAID YOU WILL ASSIST BY PAYING IT

There is no Time Like the Present

E. L. Crumb
SIGNS
First Street West

**Wainright's Under-
Taking Parlors.**



"Complete Stock of Coffins and Caskets always on Hand."
Funeral Directing and Undertaking
Good Heavens in Attendance.

Chronicle Literary Columns

The short story which we commence to-day is a little little gem of its class. It is entitled "Apostle" and its author, Philip Vernill Michaels, has established a reputation for his delineation of character. The atmosphere of the whole story is redolent of a fine artistic sense of true literature.

They stood upon the slope of a mountain on the far, unpopulated border of Nevada, where man had come to break the wilderness and hew away the forest for his needs. At their feet a stream of water gurgled and ebbed through a fissure in the granite. Behind them towered adamantine walls on which the ages of the world had graven their mighty annals. The noon sun blazed straight down upon them, on him in his rugged manhood, on her in her young womanhood. He was dressed in the red shirt, coarse trousers, and cowhide boots of a lumberman; the girl, who had been bathing at the stream, wore a skirt that reached only half-way down to her ankles and a blouse that had no sleeves, showed a splendid, firm young arm. Carew had tucked a yard or more from where she stood, and love as naked as the very rocks was blazing in his eyes.

Millie was blushing redly. She was beautiful, in a wild, brown way, singularly befitting this environment. She was at once sturdy and supple, firm of limb, but with a skin as smooth as velvet. Resolution and softness played together in her eyes; her mouth was tender yet determined. At this moment both pleasure and alarm stirred her pulses. She was flattered by the bold admiration she had suddenly excited in this powerful man; she was frightened by the passion so openly confessed in Carew's rude courting. Her heart had never leaped so wildly, her blood had never coursed so madly, as with this mingled ecstasy and fear. Her nature was responding to the love that she could positively feel, while her judgment made her shrink in hesitation.

While they still remained there motionless, a child came running toward them from up the creek—one of Millie's small motherless sisters. She halted abruptly at sight of Carew, evidently frightened.

The man had been startled by her unexpected coming. That and his impatience with any interruption at such a moment prompted him to roughness.

"Get out of here!" he said with the truculent manner that was characteristic of him.

The child gave one scream of terror and ran. The man laughed and was laughing still, in a sort of brutish good-nature, when he turned and raised Millie by the wrist.

But all the girl's mothering instinct, all her woman's anger, at brutality had risen to resist the man's power now exercised upon her. She was panting, and the gleam in her eyes held some hint of a tigress nature roused.

"Let go," she said, after a long minute, in which their eyes had warred silently. "Let go, John Carew—you've got to go to work."

His tongue was thick when he spoke. "You've got to marry me, savvy? You've got to be my wife."

"I won't!" she answered, matching her wrist from his grasp. "I said I wouldn't once before, and now I never will!"

"What's the matter with me, then?" he demanded hoarsely. "Ain't I good enough for you?"

"I'd just as soon marry a grizzly," replied the girl. "You scare the children. That's all I've got to say."

He looked at her in anger for a moment, his rough features hardening. Some extraordinary revulsion of feeling had suddenly attacked him.

"Oh, go to hell!" he said abruptly; and splashing across the stream that was formed by the spring, he crashed his way through the alders, climbed the rough hillside that rose beyond, and came at length to the forest and the scene of his toil. It was neither the heart of the wild nor yet the edge of civilization where Carew was at work; it was the ragged frontier of man's exploration and commercialism. A few miles away were thinly scattered farms, but near at hand a timid deer might still have found sanctuary, or a panther have made its haunt, even while the trees were disappearing.

Carew was alone. He swung his axe in a wild mood of savagery and fell at his tree, then moved to his next task, unmindful by the majesty of the forest he invaded. The sun was setting as he delivered the finishing stroke upon the quivering base of his final tree. Some movement in a heap of rock at the foot of which the toppling pine would fall caught his indifferent attention. He looked more sharply and beheld a dog, a female collie, exceptionally fine and strong, half crouching by the rock. His head upward in quick comprehension at the broken tree, then leaped toward a cave in the ledge of shattered granite and disappeared from sight.

The pine-tree, meantime, was moving majestically on its downward course. It inclined for a second in stately deliberation; then abruptly gained in speed, then with a mighty rush of air, and with sounds of rending and cataclysm, the tree plunged full length upon the slope and stabbed its broken limbs in the earth.

It had all occurred in the briefest time. Carew gave the dog give one sharp bark. He saw her dragging something from the granite cave—a puppy, that must have been lying asleep in the shelter of the rocks. She had caught it up the scuff of the rock, and just as the tree fell downward on the place, she flung her youngling from her, down the slope, and was instantly killed where she stood.

Carew remained staring where tragedy had stalked across his vision. He presently shook his axe, and walking along the prosaic fire-trunk toward the ledge of rock, discovered and recognized the mother-creature, dead beneath the pine. The collie had been known for miles around as Frank Mathew's "Queen," the finest sheep-dog in the range, and the mother of a half-coyote whelp with which she had suddenly disappeared on the death of her master.

Young as he was, the pup bore the double stigma of his parentage. His wolfish extraction was advertised upon him unmistakably in the sharpened ears, the delicate nose, and the grayness of much of his coat. Nevertheless it was his mother that had bequeathed him the snow-white collar at his throat, the soft eyes, his headstall and small, and the often said that would one day beautify his riding and feather the muscles of his legs.

For a second, the woodchopper entertained a thought of taking the pup as a present to Millie Ross at Ross ranch. He spoke in a momentary forgetfulness of his anger at her.

"Come here!" he said gruffly. "Come here!"

The pup made no movement to obey. Carew had recalled his pulse almost as he spoke. He turned away, as he had from Millie, and repeated the same objurgation.

"Go to hell!" he said.

He staggered off the fire-trunk, and strode along the hillside till he came to a trail, into which he turned and descended. He was unaware that the pup, after hesitating for a moment, had climbed the slope, taken one terrified snuff at what he found beneath the fallen tree, then retreated and followed him away. When they arrived at the lumberman's camp, where Carew lived with ten more workers of his kind, the man went at once "inside the shack to cut his dinner, and the pup remained outside in the cover of a growth of willows to await the developments of fate.

Carew's arrival among the men occasioned no comment. All his fellow laborers were engrossed in eating and talking.

When at length he arose he was done with the place forever. He spoke to no one, but went at once to the bunk-house, rolled his belongings in his blankets, closed the door behind him and struck off on the trail that wound its way down the mountain and so out to the world beyond.

From his retreat in the willows, saw the man going, and followed where he went.

They came to the Ross ranch, and passed it in the beauty of the dusk. Carew vouchsafed not so much as a glance toward the house. On the porch stood Millie. She saw the man; she recognized that strong, straight figure. An instinct told her he was going far. A cry arose from her heart—a cry to summon him back to her side; but she made no sound, and he disappeared down the road that scored the mountain.

A mile below he halted at a stream

Support Strathcona's Industries



When you require COAL at short notice ring up phone 82. We can now supply best screened lump coal, nut coal and slack, suitable for any purpose, at prices which will compare favorably with any other mines.

Strathcona Coal Company

East End Bakery

Try Our Famed Meat and Pork Pies
Light Lunches Served
Orders Taken For All Kinds of Cake and Pies
Free City Delivery to all Parts of the City

J. E. Elder

Always at Your Service

Although our store is not open all night, we are always glad when needs arise for drugs, medicines or other supplies for the sick, to answer night calls.

Our night service is just as competent as our service during the day. Whenever you have occasion to patronize a drug store either day or night, remember you can be sure of right treatment, right goods and right prices here.

J. W. Morris

NEW DRUG STORE.
Opposite Iroquois Hotel

WILLIAM DIETZ

Builder and Contractor Estimator
Persuaded on All Kinds of Work.
P. O. BOX 134 STRATHCONA

IF YOU WANT FIRST CLASS

BISCUITS

CALL ON

T. Naylor

EAST OF TRACK
Cowship, Belmont, Twickenham, Olympia, Small Calf, Noir, Thin Social, Boston Cream, Home Pets, Family, Irish.
ENGLISH MANUFACTURE
30c. per lb.

Have Your Prescriptions Dispensed at Duncan's

Our Drug Stock is very Complete and Large

We give special attention to all Prescriptions, Family Receipts and Optical Work

Duncan's Drug Store

PHONE 97 GAINERS BLOCK

GO TO THE CITY MEAT MARKET

All kinds of fresh Meats of First Class Quality

P. J. Walsh J. A. Stang
phone 35A Prompt Delivery

to drink, and the pup came fearlessly out of the shadows and leaped upon his leg in friendliness, giving himself wholly to his chosen master.

Carew had started at the pup's unexpected appearance. He struck the dog a harmless blow that swept him from his feet.

"Go home!" he said. "Get out of here!"

The pup retreated to the underbrush, rifled but undaunted. The man went on. Once more the little half-coyote dog fell behind and clung upon his master's trail. There was something in Carew that he liked.

It was not until morning dawned that the man saw the pup again. They had walked all night, Carew with a fierce desire to be alone, the homeless dog intent upon companionship. When Carew discovered the persistent young creature at his heels once more, he and the pup stood a little way apart in the road, and eyed each other comprehensively, each according to his kind.

"Followed, did you?" growled the man at last. "Well, you won't git nothing out of me!"

Then, as before, the whelp took up his place behind Carew and trotted in his tracks.

At last the two came to the isolated riverside town of Millville, where the logs from the mountains were reduced to lumber. The man drank a pint of volcanic whisky at one of the many saloons, proceeded to the office of the company, demanded a job in the yard, and was promptly set to work at piling timbers. He and his dog began that day to be the terrorists of the place.

(To be continued.)

Tickling or dry coughs will quickly loosen when using Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure. And it is so thoroughly harmless, that Dr. Shoop tells mothers to use nothing else, even for very young babies. The wholesome green leaves and tender stems of a long healing mountainous shrub give the curative properties to Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure. It calms the cough, and heals the sensitive bronchial membranes. No opium, no chloroform, nothing harsh used to injure or suppress. Demand Dr. Shoop's. Take no hold. Sold by all dealers.

HOUSE PROLOGUES TO-DAY.

The local legislature which has been in session since the 16th of January concluded its work yesterday afternoon and will prorogue to-day at 3 p.m. when the Lieutenant-Governor will attend and give royal assent to the various measures passed.

It is expected that there will be a large attendance to witness the closing proceedings.

Pain can be quickly stopped. A 25 cent box of Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets, will cure any pain, everywhere, in 20 minutes! Besides, they are thoroughly safe. Painful periods with women, neuralgia, etc., quickly cease after one tablet. Sold by all dealers.

